Eng. Poetry vol 75

RESTORATION,

A

RHAPSODY.

22

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RHAPSODY;

SUGGESTED ON SEEING

HIS MAJESTY

PASS TO ST. PAUL'S,

ON ST. GEORGE'S DAY, 1789.

BY T. H. K

"HIC AMES DICI PATER ATQUE PRINCEPS!"

HORAT. OD.

LONDON:

Printed by J. COOPER, No. 31, Bow Street, Covent Garden,

With his NEW-INVENTED INK.

M,DCC,LXXXIX.

RESTORATION

INTRODUCTION.

THE following Stanzas were ſuggeſted by the immediate ſenſations of a loyal heart, on the Author's return from one of the moſt intereſting ſpectacles that could engage the attention, and excite the gratitude, of a liberal and enlightened People. This publication may therefore be conſidered rather an accidental than a purpoſed conſequence. Having been read in a private circle, they were, at the requeſt of one of the party, from friendly motives, conſigned to the ſervice of Mr. JOSEPH COOPER, whoſe zeal for his profeſſion has produced ſuch an improvement in PRINTING INK, as, he hopes, may apologize for his having humbly preſumed to indulge a wiſh that a ſpecimen

of

of his labours might have the honour of being laid before the moſt DIGNIFIED PERSONAGE in the kingdom. He naturally ſuppoſed that a new production (however inadequate to the GLORIOUS EVENT that gave it birth) ſhould, with great propriety, accompany a new invention; he therefore employed his utmoſt care (with the aſſiſtance of a new type) to render it as worthy as poſſible of the inſpection of a PERFECT JUDGE and LOVER of the ARTS, who will not diſdain the feebleſt effuſions of loyalty and affection, though tendered by the moſt humble of his ſubjects.

RESTO-

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RHAPSODY.

MONARCH of thy people's hearts!

(No higher title eloquence affords,

Though cloath'd in all the pageantry of words,)

Monarch of thy people's hearts,

Scorn not the ſtrain a feeble muſe imparts,

But deign the voluntary verſe approve,

That ſprings from mingled loyalty and love.

Hail

Hail Loyalty! of origin divine!
Who doſt with equal luſtre ſhine
In thoſe who fill the loweſt ranks of war,
Or the rough toiler in the Cumbrian mine,
As in the boſom blazon'd by a ſtar;
Thou, who in all unbiaſs'd, bright, and free,
Now ſeekſt the ducal chair, now woo'ſt humility,
Still let a ſpark of thy celeſtial fire
This humble breaſt inſpire,
And dignify the warm, though artleſs line,
Which owes its origin to truth and thee.

So long, great Sire, as mem'ry ſhall ſurvive
The ravage of impairing time,
This great, this doubly-conſecrated day
To Patriot-Monarch as to Patron-Saint!

Whereon

Whereon thy preſence gives the public eye
Unlook'd-for joy, unbounded ecſtacy,
Beyond e'en Fancy's higheſt pow'r to paint,
Triumphantly ſublime,
No longeſt date of life can chaſe away,
But ever in my view the glowing ſcene will live.

Ne'er in the proudeſt trappings of thy throne
Hath thine imperial grandeur brighter ſhone,
No, not in that benignant hour
Wherein the conſecrating prieſt
Upon thy head the ſacred oil did pour,
And o'er thy ſhoulders wrap the regal veſt,
As when on this propitious day,
To US, and to THINE OWN, reſtor'd,
Through gratulating crouds thou tak'ſt thy way,
And ſeekſt the holy TEMPLE OF THE LORD!

Now, now thy trueſt Eminence is prov'd,
Now, now, in each enlighten'd mien,
In ev'ry moiſten'd eye is ſeen
How much thou art rever'd, how much belov'd.

Did not (O! Royal Suppliant, ſay,)
The fullneſs of Delight, and pure Devotion's fire,
Thy mind with all their fervency inſpire,
And from the thought of worldly praiſe
Thy each ſenſation raiſe,
When, as thy foot the holy pavement trod,
Regardleſs of a gazing crowd,
To Heav'n's high throne thy ſoul obedient bow'd,
And pour'd her grateful tribute to her God?

And thou, Imperial Matron, O! confeſs,
Can any pow'r of eloquence expreſs

The

The great, the complicated joy
That did thy thoughts employ,
When, graceful on thy bended knee,
In all the beauteous zeal of piety,
Thy raptur'd heart the KING OF KINGS ador'd,
While precious drops fell copious from thine eyes,
A tributary ſacrifice
For ALL that could enrich the life
Of the fond mother and the virtuous wife,
A GUARDIAN, HUSBAND, FATHER, FRIEND reſtor'd?

Too long ſecluded from the public eye,
Again he comes to cheriſh ev'ry heart,
He comes, array'd in new-born majeſty,
And more than wonted tranſport doth impart;

Thus

Thus ſhews the vivifying ORB OF DAY,
The period paſt, when deep ecliptic night
Or vapors damp had ſpread their noxious gloom,
Thus he his genuine glory doth diſplay,
Thus breaks he forth more precious to the ſight,
Thus ſeems to ſhine with more than wonted light,
And with augmented ſtrength his radiant courſe reſume.

And as reviv'd Creation joys to own
The cheering warmth of his returning ray,
While flow'rs, from out their variegated bed,
More wide and ſweet their mingled incenſe ſpread,
Exulting Nature pours the choral lay,
To greet the new enlighten'd horizon,
BRITANNIA, bleſt with HIS returning ſight,
Breathes forth new duty, breathes forth new delight.

Again he comes, and long may we retain
The ſhelter'd bliſs of his parental reign!
  This glorious day, why doth it not inſpire
  Some bard endow'd with TRUE poetic fire?
Why ſlumbers MASON'S tuneful muſe,
  Who ſtrikes with genuine ecſtacy the lyre,
And o'er the darling theme fit graces might diffuſe?
Why is HE* mute who veils his name
From the bright page of public fame,
And under FOREIGN titles gives mankind
Such ſtrains as flow'd in PINDAR'S lofty mind,
    Enthuſiaſtically ſtrong,
Meet for the theſis of my humble ſong?

* DELLA CRUSCA.

'Tis

'Tis not enough to ſing A KING APPROV'D,
'Tis more—'tis dearer far—A KING BELOV'D.

GEORGE THE BELOVED be the choſen name!—
Give, give the title to each riſing year,
Be it th' hiſtorian's boaſt, the poet's theme,
The patriot's glory, and the good man's pray'r!
Proclaim it to the world in grateful ſtrains,
GEORGE THE BELOVED lives, GEORGE THE BELOVED reigns.

THE END